towards Paris, about two miles from the edge of the forest. It is surrounded by a wood cut into alleys, and a moat. M. de Chateauvillard, the owner, was a *maître de la chambre des comptes*, and has saved his property to the extent of four thousand a year. He is now president of the district, and lives like a sultan. There were many ladies there; among others, Mademoiselle de Ferrieres, a fine girl, but very poor. Her father was an officer of rank, who lost all in the Revolution, and is now blind and a pauper in the Invalids. She paints small portraits in oil for her bread.

There was also M. de St. Sauveur, who was a lieutenant-general and a *cordon rouge.* His own people plundered his property, but he remained hid during the *Terreur*, and afterwards retired to live at St. Sauveur upon the wreck of his fortune. He is a chief justice of the peace, and now rules and punishes his former vassals in a more severe and summary way than he ever could have done under the old regime.

May 20th,

1797.

We dined yesterday at the CMteau de Beuvron.
It belonged to an officer of the guards of that name,